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the events of Morellet's life to 1819, the year of his death. He closed his long, reasonable, and peaceful life in tranquillity. We hope our readers may have been entertained with the anecdotes we could afford to insert of this excellent man. The comparative obscurity and perfect repose of his life contrast strongly with the frenzy of some of his great literary and military contemporaries.

ART. XV.—*A pedestrian tour of two thousand three hundred miles in North America, to the Lakes, the Canadas, and the New England States. Performed in the autumn of 1821. Embellished with views, by P. Stansbury.* New York, 1822.

OUR readers may possibly recollect the account given in one of the earlier numbers of our journal, by an ingenious correspondent, of a pedestrian tour of thirteen hundred miles, of which nine hundred and more were performed in the stage coach. In Mr Estwic Evans' tour, which however was only *pedestrious*, (by which we are probably to understand merely inclining to a foot journey,) that portion of it, which extended from New Orleans to the north, was performed in a vessel. Fairly to give his readers an understanding of what sort of a journey they were to expect, Mr Stansbury, in his highly glowing preface, informs us that it is one of the greatest privileges of the pedestrian, that he 'can embrace the opportunity of a passing stage coach, or continue his journey by water carriage.' If it is thus the peculiar privilege of a pedestrian to travel in a carriage or a steam boat, we presume it is the distinctive convenience of the stage coach, that the passengers, when it breaks down, may avail themselves of a balloon, if any happen to be passing; and if they are travelling in regions not covered by the patent for flying, which Mr Bennet has solicited of the senate of the United States.

Mr Stansbury, in the same animated introduction to his tour, informs us that having adopted this sort of pedestrian travelling, he has been enabled to make numerous excursions, and go through many interesting scenes, '*which he could not possibly have done by any other mode of travelling.*' We shall immediately give our readers the proof of this, and satisfy them that Mr Stansbury has so diligently employed his pedes-

trian advantages, as to see and hear various important things, which we are well convinced have escaped the eyes and ears of every other person, and which, till his mode of making discoveries is universally adopted, will, we fear, continue to remain unnoticed. As our readers will of course take the greatest interest in such of the scenes as are nearest home, we shall mention a few of Mr Stansbury's discoveries on the road from Canada to Boston. Before crossing the American boundary, he met with a sight, which we venture to say no other traveller, unless it be Mr Evans, has ever encountered besides himself. 'We progressed* forward, upon the road side, with as much care and almost as slow as those men, who walk slack rope or wire, when we met a drove of two hundred oxen for the market of Montreal, slowly advancing. *A gentleman in rich attire*, the owner of the drove, who had given his horse to one of his men, and was picking his course along the opposite side, exclaimed over to us in a very piteous tone, "*Gentlemen*, I am sorry for you."' The talent of discovery seems to have been mutual, if we may judge from this gentleman drovier's salutation. The next proof of pedestrian advantages is the observation made of the general appearance of the American frontier at Vermont, contrasted with the Canadian. In the latter, 'habitations, enclosures, the people themselves, and all their performances, low and humble; here mansions, walls, *gigantic* citizens, and mighty projects, rivalling the glory of the most enlightened ages and nations!'

After a pathetic description of 'the resounding sides of the Camel's Rump,' we are conducted by our adventurous tourist to Montpelier, the capital of Vermont. Here he had the good fortune to witness an extraordinary spectacle, viz: that 'of the shops all in commotion.' In what way the convulsion was produced, and what were its consequences to the persons who might have been in the shops at the moment, we are not informed. Nor was this the only remarkable phenomenon that fell within his notice, for he found four *superb hotels* in Montpelier, excessively crowded; and made a discovery in the legislature of Vermont, then in session, which we are persuaded is without a parallel in any other legislative body in America, not excepting the congress of the United States. The members, he avers to be men 'of large limbs, tall, *genteel*, and notwithstanding some little peculiari-

* We begin to regret having taken up the cudgels in a former number in favor of this ungainly word. Mr Stansbury here uses 'progressing forward,' in distinction from *progressing backward*.

ty of dialect, which must be ascribed to their secluded situation among the mountains, very well versed in the art of oratory.' That this art, however, is not closely connected with that of *prophecy*, is apparent from what our author adds, that he learned from a '*venerable* member, that the bill respecting the judicial regulations of the community was under consideration, and that he *guessed* it would be passed by a large majority.' Here the member's *gentility* stood him but little in stead, and the most rustic legislator could not have come wider of the mark.

The next discovery of our author is not positively novel, something like it being recorded, if we remember correctly, in the judicious miscellany of Mr Joseph Miller. We refer to the well known person, who had the good fortune to be able to exhibit a horse, with his tail where his head ought to be. Mr Stansbury encountered in his pedestrian journey in Vermont, a district where '*droves, not only of fine fat cattle, but of horses also, are continually streaming down the hills.*' If this should prove on further enquiry to be accurate, it may safely be said of the pastures of Vermont, where the horses and oxen are streaming down hill, that the cattle are where the brooks ought to be. Our author mentions another circumstance highly peculiar to these regions, that he felt '*an evident change of temperature in mounting alternately to the tops of these ridges, and returning again to the level of the bottoms of the valleys.*' He adds of the place he is describing, that '*the plain upon which it stands, is perfectly level,*' forming in this, we doubt not, a striking contrast with the surrounding hills. Our author's general impressions of the Vermontese character are highly favorable. He says, '*we are under no small obligations for the respectability of the American character to the assistance of the Green Mountain boys;*' and most of the tavern floors, in his way through the country, '*were occupied by venerable citizens, discussing, at these convenient meeting places, the affairs of governors, states, and nations :*' a practice which must essentially aid these venerable *boys*, in their husbandry and households.

Our author makes brief mention of the college at Dartmouth, which he tells us occupies '*a perspicuous station.*' If it were as easy for others to realize, as our pedestrian author to make, his discoveries, we doubt not our brethren at Hanover would imitate the English universities, and set up a number of *travel-*

ling fellowships at once. For he tells us that 'the *funds* of this institution are excellent, consisting in the *awards* of nearly two hundred students, and in the annual income of lands possessed in the northern part of this and the neighbouring state.' What these *awards* may be, we do not pretend to say; never having enjoyed the means of information furnished by travelling on foot. But if lands in the northern parts of New Hampshire and Vermont are 'excellent funds,' we desire to get a leaf out of the Dartmouth college book. We had imagined a property of this kind to be like the proposal which was made by one of the country parishes of New Hampshire, to raise their pastor's salary from \$250 to \$300 per annum. 'Spare me, my christian friends,' replied the worthy man; 'it is a weary burden to collect the \$250: I should be worn to death by trying to scramble together the three hundred.' Unless *awards* are exceeding poor stock, we should prefer them to the 'northernmost' lands of New Hampshire or Vermont. Few single circumstances show the advantages of travelling on foot, more than our author's discoveries in the White Mountains. Dr Bigelow and Mr Francis Gray, having no modes of conveyance but horses and chaises, made them short of 7000 feet high. But Horace observes, with singular justice, to the disparagement of all but pedestrians that in vain *navibus atque quadrigis* petimus bene vivere; and Mr Stansbury on foot confirms the remark, by his experience on these hills. 'The white mountains, which *lay* in the north of New Hampshire, rise to the height of 10,000 feet *perpendicular*.' We almost wonder here that Mr S. should have failed in his grammar in the word *lay*. We scarce ever saw an instance where the correct reading would have been more appropriate.

Our author on his way to Boston, having been belated on the road, and unable to reach an inn, accepts the friendly offer of a person of whom he inquired his way, and entered 'a very large country mansion.'—'It was the abode of a plain hard-working farmer;' but by an effort of the same kind, which enabled a distinguished traveller in Spain to see wondrous things in the windmills and flocks of sheep, our author declares of the house of this plain hard working New Hampshire farmer, that 'wealth smiled on its exterior, while the apartments within gave tokens of superior magnificence.' Mr Stansbury, however, is only managing a pretty surprise for his readers; and this plain hard-working farmer is, in fact, a retired sea captain.

Captain or farmer, he got the blind side of our author, who declares with enthusiasm that the 'evening fled in the most interesting manner ; the jests went round ; *the mug of cider circulated*, and the rosy apple brightened each laughing lip.' This cider, however, had an effect on the worthy captain himself, at which our author only hints. 'Always jocular, the old gentleman became exceedingly so, and even *permitted* one of his men, who was standing, to sit down upon a wash basin instead of the chair, which he had silently removed.' The man was unquestionably highly pleased with the *permission*. The worthy captain seems to have taken the phrase of 'drowning care in the bowl' somewhat literally ; or was perhaps living his youth over again, and thought he was letting a green hand into a tub, on crossing the equator ; a mistake the less to be murmured at, as the mug of cider had circulated, and the ancient navigator appears to have been half seas over. Our author, who, to all appearance, is a bit of a wag himself, declares, 'that he left this house with regret.' His agreeable entertainment in it was but an unfaithful augury of his company in the stage coach to Boston. Among them were two persons, whom he pronounces to have been, 'in the mild signification of the term, Boston *sharpers*, and who commenced business by a boisterous colloquy about such *smart* men of their town, such and such *sharp* fellows of their neighborhood, and made many shrewd remarks concerning horse dealing, swapping, purchasing molasses, and vending clocks, wooden bowls, and pumpkin-pie dishes to the southward.' We think we see the wicked smile of these rogues in making our poor pedestrian swallow all they chose to put themselves off for ; and a high treat they must have had to see worthy Mr Stansbury entering them in his note-book, first as horse jockies, then West India supercargoes, then travelling pedlars, or rather all at once, without the good man's dreaming of the hoax. The Boston folks are sharp indeed ; rather too much so to blow themselves thus to Mr Stansbury. We have no doubt he expected every moment to see the dogs pull out a bag of wooden nutmegs.

Approaching nearer the ocean from Connecticut river, our author had the good fortune to find the land grow more fertile ; whence it is plain that the luck of making discoveries, which attends him on foot, does not desert him in the coach. 'His vehicle rolled speedily, he tells us, through Bedford, *Nashford*, and *Tungsborough*, each a splendid place, without one

small or ill looking house about it. This is travelling with a witness; and a very valuable annotation informs us that the New England currency is 6s. 8d. to a dollar; from which we are sorry to argue, that we have lived all our days with a set of sharpers, who have put the odd eight pence in their pockets, for every dollar they have exchanged for us.

But the glorious things which it was reserved for our author to disclose, crowd fast upon us. 'We passed,' saith he, 'through Dunstable, Chelmsford, Billerica, Burlington, and Woburn, without stopping more than ten minutes in each place. *Burlington* has become famous for its extensive theological institutions, which are brick buildings of extraordinary elegance as well as simplicity.' This discovery of Mr Stansbury's at Burlington strikingly confirms a remark often made, that travellers will find out more of a place in a few moments, than inhabitants and neighbors in a long life. Struck with shame on reading this part of Mr Stansbury's valuable work, we immediately set off *on foot* to do penance with a fifteen miles walk, and make a *pedestrian* trip to Burlington. We did not allow the word pedestrian, however, nor our purpose of taking a walk, to betray us into a too literal accomplishment of that plan. Availing ourselves of one of those advantages, which Mr Stansbury declares to be peculiar to pedestrians, that of jumping into the first vehicle which we encountered, we craved a seat in the one horse chaise of our former academical associate and esteemed friend, the reverend Mr Sewall, of Burlington, not doubting that if there were a theological institution in his parish, he would certainly know the fact, and peradventure belong to the establishment. Our friend was not less surprised at the strain of our remarks, than we had been in reading the paragraph of Mr Stansbury's work. Too mild, however, to express a disparaging judgment, he half whispered with a significant smile, 'fuit haud ignobilis Argis,' and bid us good morning.

Mr Stansbury put up at the *Rising Sun* in Boston, the only sign we are sure at all appropriate to the happy day, when he entered our walls. With a peculiar talent at getting over the ground, which his habit of walking probably conferred, he contrives to bring his observations on Boston, Charlestown, and Cambridge, within the compass of one day, and starts off the next morning for Newport. His conscience having smitten him for his intemperate indulgence in a seat in the Concord stage, he determined once more to adopt what he learnedly

calls the *peripatetic* mode ; which appears, however in the sequel, to mean getting on board ‘ a fast sailing packet at Providence.’ But before leaving this part of the country, our author gives the following very judicious and impartial summary of the character of its various regions. ‘ Amongst ourselves, we call the former [New Englanders] *Yankies*; but foreigners have dubbed us all with that title. The latter [of the south] according to their respective states, are denominated Virginians, Kentuckians, Georgians. The New Englanders, considered as one body, represented in an individual, are a sanctimonious, sober, good-looking, and withal, an enterprising neighbor, full of excellent thoughts and new inventions. The southern people, considered in the same manner, are a hospitable, complaisant, as well as a profane, slave-driving, and swarthy looking personage, who however keeps a sharp eye to his own aggrandisement, and that of his country. The middle states, among which New York stands prominent, hold that just medium, which cannot fail to produce respect and *veneration*.’

With these reflections, our *venerable* traveller draws near to New York, and approaches the *Wallabout*, with throbbing exultation. Landing at Crane-wharf, he finds, as he observes, a new subject of congratulation, in perceiving the rising columns of a *new market*, and treads the hallowed spot with an imagination glowing, no doubt, at the sirloins and haunches, that are to be. The concluding remarks evince a naïveté so amiable, that we cannot forbear to quote them. ‘ Our remarks are now more than sufficiently protracted. With “ a simple tale,” [qu. the author of this striking quotation] we have made an effort for the honor of the nation, and not altogether as maliciousness might whisper, for the advantage of ourselves, to unfold some of the natural beauties, and artificial magnificence of North American scenery, and until that voice, which bids the lover to clamber down the precipice to pluck for his mistress a flower, or the patriot to behold unmoved the shafts of hatred and malice aimed at his heart, again speaks, we will throw down the pen.’ It would indeed be a piece of most gratuitous malice, for any one to whisper that our author has written for his own advantage. We profess not to understand the meaning of the last sentence, but we suspect Messrs Myers and Smith hope by this time, that the said voice which is to lead Mr Stansbury to give them another book to print, will not very soon speak again.

The truth is, for it is time to speak seriously, this book is too bad. There is a great deal of stuff daily issuing from the press, and as most of it comes with its own corrective of dullness, it seems unkind for the critic to step in, to hurry it to its doom. One circumstance only has determined us to notice the work before us. Large numbers of the inhabitants of our cities resort annually to that scene of glory and beauty, presented to them in a part of the tour, which this book pretends to describe. All ought to do it, who can possibly spare time and money for the journey. *Niagaram vidi* ought almost to be the American's pass word. Now in the hurry of packing up for the lakes, and in that want of some sort of guide-book, which most feel on such an occasion, it may, by some evil chance, befall a traveller of weak nerves to see Mr Stansbury's tour to the lakes and the Canadas, in a shop window, to buy it, and reserving the perusal till he arrives at the spot, to put it unopened in his trunk. It is plain that no dependence could be placed on the continued sanity of a man, who, under these circumstances, should arrive at his destination, and opening Mr Stansbury's book for directions at the falls, chance on the following passage :

‘Down drop the brimful oceans, crash upon crash, loud peal the hollow rattling thunders. As a thousand crags rifted at once by lightning from the top of a lofty mountain, dart headlong, crumbling to the distant valley, and reiterating with deafening loudness, stupify the dismayed (?) inhabitant, over whose head they rebounded, so flies Niagara over us desperately swift ; and madly bellowing as it recoils high above the trembling earth, astounds the affrighted senses of the presumptuous mortals who thus dare to break into this worse than Tartarean dungeon. An awful plunge ! Dreadful uproar echos round the deep abyss, whilst the never ceasing war of jarring elements break, quiver, burst, and roll around,

As if the phrenzi'd demons of the air,
Loosed from their chains of adamant, had met
In fierce encounter.

‘Mingling yells and groans of horror appear to unite with the class of sparkling armor, and the angry spirits of the torrent from their watery caverns seem to exclaim loud and threatening, begone ! We obey the summons, and hurrying precipitately away, rejoin a more secure and comfortable station.’